

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leauē me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praye it beares.

Dion. I shall report;
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vncarthy
It was i'th' Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaf'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' euent o'th' Iourney
Prooue as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath bene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vie on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Session (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,

and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sonne,
raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence wherof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (*Hermione*) con-
trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst con-
saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by
Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritye
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath bene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuiz'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) for Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so yncurrent, I
Haue strayn'd t' appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry sie vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infaut, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sit.

Her. Sit.
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auails: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fautor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on euery Post
Proclam'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliuē,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliuē, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hermione is chaste, *Polixenes* blamelesse, *Camillo*
a true Subject, Leontes a zealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo.

Her. Pray'd.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselves
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe

And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.

I haue too much beleu'd mine owne suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon

My great prophanesse 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Jealousies

To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poyson

My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command: though I with Death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest

Vnclosp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,

No richer then his Honor: How he glisters

Through my Rust? and how his Pietie

Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)

Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?

What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What slaying? boyling?

In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture

Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues

To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny

(Together working with thy Jealousies,

Fancies too weake for Boyes, too Greene and idle

For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,

And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, twas nothing,

(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,

And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,

Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo*'s Honor,

To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,

More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a Deuill

Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart

That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire

Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,

Layd to thy answere; but the last: O Lords,

When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The